

ROBIN RED-BREAST,
Song.

WRITTEN BY

W. ALLINGHAM, ESQ^{RE}

COMPOSED & DEDICATED
TO

M^{rs} William Lick.

By

ANNE W. PELZER.

Ent. Sta. Bull.

Price 2^s/-

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201, Regent Street, & 67, Conduit Street.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

WORDS BY W. ALLINGHAM Esq.*

MUSIC BY ANNE W. PELZER.

ALLEGRETTO. *mf*

Good-bye, good-bye to

Summer — For Summer's nearly done The garden smiling faint . . ly, Cool

breezes in the sun. Our thrushes now are si . . lent, Our

2

rit. *f* *Tempo.*

swallows flown a - way, But Rob in's here, in coat of brown, And

rit - e - - nu - - to. *p* *Tempo.*

scarlet breastknot gay. *p* Robin, Robin, *sf/p* Oh.... Robin

dear! Rob in sings so sweet ly In the fall ing of the year.

Bright

yel-low, red and orange, The leaves come down in hosts. The

trees are In-dian Prin-ces But soon they'll turn to ghosts. The

leath'ry pears and ap-ples Hang rus-set on the bough,... It's

Au-tumn, autumn, au-tumn late, Twill soon be Win-ter now. Robin,

Robin, Oh... Robin dear!... And what will this poor Robin do? For

ritard.

pinching days are near.

f Tempo. *p*

The fire-side for the cricket — The wheat-stack for the mouse,... When

p

trembling nightwinds whistle, And moan all round the house; The frosty ways like

mf

rit. *f* *Tempo.*

i - ron The branches plumbd with snow,... A - last in win - ter dead and dark, Where

ri - te - nu - - to. *p* *Tempo.*

can poor Rob_in go? *p* Robin, Robin, *sf p* O.... Rob_in

dear! And a crumb of bread for Rob - in His lit - tle breast to

cheer, *mf* *f*